The
COMMONWEAL

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The World Famine

WHAT with the recent meeting of UNRRA, statements by Herbert Hoover and an optimistic crop report from the Department of Agriculture, many Americans must find themselves highly confused regarding the problem of starvation in a world still staggering after its most destructive war. The situation actually is relatively simple. The destructiveness of the conflict has, in many quarters of the world, been greatly enhanced by the destructiveness of drought, with the result that we are now confronted not only with the shortages which all those familiar with the problem knew were inevitable but also with vast additional shortages arising from natural causes. What this means is that food will continue to be crucially short in Europe and Asia for at least another winter, or until mid-summer of 1947. The present shortages are so acute that millions of persons are inevitably to suffer starvation—especially in India. How many million will be saved depends very largely on what the United States is able to supply out of its excess.

To put it bluntly, the present Administration has so far acted not only short-sightedly but foolishly and against the advice of those from whom it sought advice. The removal of meat rationing last fall was a tragic blunder, since it opened the way for farmers to use their cereals as fodder for animals, rather than selling grains for human consumption. Americans had and continue to have the money to satisfy their demands for meat on a scale probably never surpassed in our history; we are consuming today somewhat more than a quarter more meat than we consumed before the war. The later removal of rationing on fats had an equally bad effect; we are today using about 45 pounds of fat per capita yearly as compared to 3 or 4 or 5 pounds in some European countries. The result of all this has been that UNRRA has not been able even to buy the supplies for which funds are available.

This record contrasts shockingly with that of Canada and Australia and even England itself. Canada has probably done the best and the most self-sacrificing job of all. Not only did she continue what rationing was in effect at the end of the war, she put meats back on the ration list precisely in order to be able to ship more food abroad. Australia, laboring under the difficulties of a very severe dry spell, has done admirably. England has tightened her rations in order to be able to share with the Continent, and has actually shipped almost three-quarters of a million tons of cereals and cereal products to Europe during the past eighteen months.

Americans will wonder how it is possible for our Government to have slipped up so badly. Much of the blame must rest with the Department of Agriculture, which has allowed itself to be a special pleader for the food processors, the farm bloc and the soap manufacturers. Thus Food Distribution Order 43, of March 31, 1943, confining the use of imported copra and other sources of oil to non-edible products—an action quite justified under war conditions—today plays straight into the hands of those who make soap—at a very handsome profit—and drastically reduces our production of shortening—at low profit levels. Thus the failure to set aside last year's rice crop against precisely the emergency with which we are now confronted means all our available rice has been packaged and distributed in outlet channels from which it would be impossible for any public relief agency to recapture it—in practice the profit on packaged rice is much greater than that on rice in hundred pound bags. The result of such pressure on the Department of Agriculture and the Department's ready willingness to yield to it has been the greatest single obstacle to the fulfilment of our food obligations. And the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Anderson, has so far shown no understanding of the situation. What he has done he has consistently done too little and too late, and some of his actions, such as the issuance of the recent optimistic crop report, are difficult to explain except in terms of deliberately yielding to pressure.

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There has been established in Washington an organization named Food for Freedom the continuance of which is extremely important since it represents an independent group of distinguished citizens — educators, labor leaders, clergymen, etc.—without any personal interest in the food industry and without any direct governmental connections. Any reader wishing to be kept posted weekly on the food situation may obtain the news service of this organization, which deserves the financial support needed to carry on its work. Under the circumstances UNRRA has done a good job, but without the organized help of American individuals UNRRA can do little to effect the internal changes which must be brought about in the United States if the world's casualties from starvation are to be kept at a minimum.

Black Market Decentralism

THE black market is ripping the meat packing industry wide open, if a multiplicity of current reports can be credited. The big packers can't get animals from the stock yards because new and wildcat operators buy the beasts at prices 50 percent to 100 percent above ceilings. Apparently a quickly increasing percentage of cattle is not reaching the big stock yards at all, but is going directly to mushrooming local country slaughter houses. The development has been progressing at great speed since last September 1, when the Government revoked Order No. 1, thus allowing anyone to enter the slaughtering business.

The most important immediate bad effects of all this chaos in meat packing are evident. Relative over-consumption by people in America who have more money and less citizenly scruples means still more under-consumption by the more citizenly and poor Americans and by the underfed in countries overseas. Price gouging avarice by wildcat butchers twists the economy further and has a decidedly morbid social effect directly among the profiteers and their victims and condoning customers. The over-all inflationary spiral becomes a dizzier and wider vortex further weakening and threatening the whole economy and the whole social structure and psychology of the country. To the extent that the "impromptu" slaughter houses are fly-by-night and irresponsible, the packing, agricultural and complete industrial set-up is made still more unstable; valuable by-products are wasted, and health and purity standards in the food industry undermined.

It is indeed a very ill wind that is blowing over the never pleasantly perfumed air of the stock yards. The situation must be corrected. Still, in working for correction, account ought to be taken of the potential good that no wind is too ill to blow.

The ingenuity, energy and initiative which the meat black marketeers are exerting has its refreshing side. Such vitality should be corrected and not killed. There is a *de facto* decentralizing effect in a classic field of American economic and financial centralization. The Big Packers must be feeling anew the fear of God, and also the bureaucracies charged with elaborate regulatory systems. Neither the virtuous public nor the Government should now in anger strike indiscriminately at unorthodox, dispersed and small scale packers and throw all their weight for the Packing Giants.

Decentralism of the slaughtering industry is desirable if it approaches anywhere near the goals of sound distributism—it is better, say, than a centralism which reaches equally near the best goals of a concentrated packing industry. It should naturally have the highest possible purity and health standards. It should utilize by-products in the most conserving possible manner. For present principal purposes, it simply ought not flout the law, stimulate feverish inflation and starve the rest of the world.

The elaborate regulation, "inspection," "grading," etc. now on the books has been developed along with the few (isn't it four?) great dominant corporations in the industry. By now, a lot of the red tape and salutary regulation assumes a highly centralized set-up, from buying live animals right through to home kitchen. But there is no justification to oppress and drive out decentralized slaughterers and packers by angry implementation of these assumptions. The needed crackdown ought to be handled carefully so that it hits bad business and not the dispersal and newly invigorated local and individual and cooperative ways of doing business. Indignation against other people for being selfish and breaking the law is always a touchy sentiment.

March on the Bronx

WE ARE ashamed to put it in print but it is true all the same that once or twice, for a moment once or twice, in the first war and in the second, we thought we had a plan whereby perhaps the fighting might be stopped. There had been all the roads of France crowded with refugees; every road that led anywhere away from the fighting zone was crowded with people trying to reach some place in which there would be no fighting. (As Stalin recently remarked these people wanted peace.) Our extremely foolish plan consisted simply in persuading them to turn about and walk the other way—directly into the war. We saw the people of Paris, the women and children of all the villages of all the countryside, walking, exhausted and persisting, singing religious hymns or the Internationale or whatever they thought of, stumbling but advancing into the very heart of the war; shot at, bombed, yet, in great numbers, reaching the front lines, crossing into the enemy

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lines—bringing the war to a close in vast human confusion.

For merely technical reasons, let us say, the plan would not have worked.

Perhaps we should be "analyzed" because this plan has come back again into our minds—Doctor, we had this dream before—now that the Security Council of UNO is sitting right up here in the Bronx. This time we saw everybody from Hoboken in Jersey, from Ozone Park in Long Island, every man and woman on Manhattan marching to the Bronx; from all across the continent we saw the American people marching on the Bronx, demanding that the eleven men sitting in the gymnasium of Hunter College in the Bronx make peace for the world. We saw the eleven men signing the proper documents.

The only people who marched on the Bronx were the youthful enthusiasts who march habitually on the Paramount to hear and see Sinatra. And the only ones to have left are the Russians.

Pelion on Ossa

THE persuasive theory that in foreign policy a definite line is preferable to twistings and turnings or even to no policy at all is strained to the breaking point by our latest Argentine boner. The only immediate explanation of our notifying all other Latin American governments that we will not be a party to any hemisphere defense system which includes the Perón government is the absolute certainty now that the Colonel has won the Argentine presidency. We had already seen to it that the Rio hemisphere defense conference was postponed indefinitely; no other treaty or conference of the Americas was in the immediate offing; and hemisphere defense is already provided for (in the unimaginable event of such a need currently) by the Act of Chapultepec, which remains in force until the formal signing of the peace treaties. The State Department is guilty of a gratuitous and pointless gesture.

How did it come about? Chief figure is Spruille Braden, who as our ambassador at Buenos Aires indulged himself to the full in fiery anti-Perón speeches. Soon afterward he was brought back to Washington to become Assistant Secretary of State in charge of Latin American Affairs. It was from this new advance post that he is credited with preparing and issuing the Blue Book substantiating his "fascist" and "pro-Axis" charges at the very height of the Argentine electoral campaign. Now that this move has failed utterly, the State Department—with its group bent on intervening in favor of our, or their, friends—has officially informed the other Latin American governments that we will have no part with Perón-led Argentina in hemisphere defense. Result: an unfavorable reaction in the other Latin American capitals and nothing gained.

The Good Neighbor policy for what it is worth has been long in building. Hemisphere solidarity has not yet attained enough solidarity to withstand new bursts of unilateral action by the United States. That should be a truism. Even in Washington it is conceded on every hand that whatever Perón's demagogic and other advantages, the recent Argentine election itself was as straight and honest as any ever held in Latin America; yet Perón has won by an overwhelming electoral majority. That he should be President is the obvious wish of the majority of the Argentine people. Internally, then, there is no basis for intervention (if that were an accepted American policy).

Internationally there is no justification for intervention against Perón, either. Whatever we may think of his foreign sympathies and bad military guess on the war, that unideological soldier and his régime and his nation do not constitute any real threat to international peace and security.

Why all the shooting, then? Does it rest simply on self-justification regarding a line long since shown to be mistaken. The time for US self-examination is at hand. Other hands must take over the helm in our Latin American relations. Otherwise the potentialities for full-fledged hemisphere cooperation (so vital for our nation's interests and world peace), developed over the past dozen years, are headed for the ashcan.

The Communist Aim in Spain

IN THE current *Nation*, that paper's European editor, J. Alvarez del Vayo, with remarkable frankness urges that the present Spanish Government be overthrown by intervention and civil war. He openly scores the Giral government-in-exile for its "obstinacy in handling the problem of the reconquest of the Republic like a Spanish political crisis of twenty-five years ago." Evidently what Negrín and del Vayo want is communist domination over the government-in-exile, recognition of that government by the great powers, and then an armed invasion based on Southern France. They have probably abandoned all hope of an uprising in Spain itself, where the most generous estimates indicate that there are no more than 10,000 communists in jail or out, and where the recent diplomatic action of France, Britain and the United States has actually served to solidify support for Franco. Del Vayo admits this by quoting a French official: "If nothing is done to implement the official condemnation of Franco, the joint note of the Three Powers would have the unfortunate effect of bolstering rather than weakening Franco's position." We are convinced communist policy, as stated by Mr. del Vayo, would be far more tragic than the continuance in power of a dictator whose disappearance we—and, we believe, most Spaniards—would welcome.

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The Last Hours

In Milan with the Resistance

Massimo Salvadori-Paleotti

The following article is about Italian resistance to the Germans—and when the Italians were getting themselves killed fighting the Germans (unofficially) seems a long time ago, almost as long a time ago as when they were getting themselves killed fighting the Germans (officially—in uniform) along the line of the river Piave in the other war. It seems that when they get themselves killed they also get themselves forgotten. Their country gets itself forgotten. We are printing this article because the sacrifices made by Italians in a common cause should be remembered; Italy, disconsolate and dismissed, should be remembered and recalled—even to the extent of our possibly getting round some time to making a just peace with that nation.—THE EDITORS.

THE NEWS of Montgomery's crossing of the Rhine made me cheerful for the first time in months. That day marked a turning point in my work. Two months had passed since I had been parachuted behind enemy lines with the mission of reaching Milan where I would act as liaison officer between the Allied Command and the CLNAI (Committee of National Liberation of northern Italy), the central organization of the Italian Resistance. During one month with Patriot groups in Piedmont I had appreciated their fighting qualities and the generosity of a peasantry which gave everything to help the fighters and the Allied missions. I had spent one more month in Milan, getting to know the various sectors of the Resistance, wondering all the time how long it would take the Germans and the Fascists to find me out. The success of the deliberate attempt at crossing the Rhine meant that the end of the war was close. The moment had come for the Resistance to make a last effort to help achieve the enemy's surrender.

Because the Germans were on their tracks, the CLNAI had not met for several weeks. I met separately its six members who kept in touch with each other through their secretary, Signor Balzarotti. His was the most dangerous job: he had charge of the archives, received the couriers; his address had to be known by many people. It required courage knowing that in every town the jails were full of political suspects: that already not less than 18,000 civilians had been shot for their participation in the Resistance: nearly 10,000 had been sent to the infamous concentration camps in Germany; while hundreds of thousands had been carried away, to forced labor if civilians, as prisoners of war if members of the former Italian armed forces.

Pizzoni, or Longhi, as the underground knew him, was the only non-party member of the CLNAI. A banker, he had been awarded the honor and dangers of membership in the most important underground group because of his ability in solving the financial problems facing the Resistance. Shortly before my arrival he had come back from a clandestine trip to Rome and Caserta, where—as member of a mission including the future Premier Parri—he had obtained from the Allies greater help for the Patriots and the recognition of the CLN as an official agency of the Italian Government.

Italians are often criticized as politically immature. No such criticism could be made against the Liberal, the Christian-Democrat, the Actionist, the Socialist and the Communist representing in the CLNAI the five major anti-Fascist parties, whose agreement had given origin to the Committee of National Liberation.

Fabio and Aldo (real names Marazza and Sereni), the Christian Democrat and the Communist, were the two opposing poles of the CLNAI. Fabio was usually cheerful and calm. He knew that he was a force. Christian-Democracy could safely count in Italy on double the percentage of votes it had received in pre-fascist days when the Partito Populare was the second largest party. In Italy, an increasing number of citizens left to themselves by the rapidly collapsing fascist structure, scared of communism, not trusting the ability of Liberals and Social Democrats to guarantee their political and economic security, were turning to the party which combined moderate social reform with respect for man's dignity. Aldo, a Communist and a Jew, was taking greater risks than any of his colleagues. Usually tense, his was the energy deriving from singleness of purpose and from the knowledge that the party he was leading in northern Italy was only a section of a well-disciplined world-wide movement. He was sincere in his desire to maintain the unity of the

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CLN and I saw him making concessions which must have been hard.

Giustino, as Signor Arpesani was called, fulfilled brilliantly the liberal function of stressing liberty as the only guarantee for the personal security of the citizens, and of smoothing difficulties arising among his colleagues. Leo Valiani often reflected the uncertainties of the Action Party, last of a great tradition. The Action Party people are akin to those who, as Carbonari, revolted in 1821, who joined the Giovane Italia with Mazzini, who followed Garibaldi in Sicily. In Italy they are called Democrats. Relatively to their numbers they have given more martyrs to the 19th century Risorgimento and to the 20th century Resistance than any other group. But being usually split into a number of quarreling fractions their achievements in the field of government have been negligible. Former members of the underground organization *Giustizia e Libertà* had made through the Action Party the latest attempt to give cohesion to the Democrats. But fissures were showing all the time. The Socialist, Sandro Pertini, had spent ten years in jail. The one-sidedness of his convictions became broad-mindedness through a generous heart. He had all the fire of a missionary. He worked feverishly at re-establishing the Socialist Party which had lagged behind the Christian Democrats and the Communists in spite of the strength of the Socialist tradition among industrial workers and middle-class people.

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In Milan I met the regional CLN for Lombardy which was choosing the officials who would take over the administration when the Germans left. The city CLN gave me the good news that there were not less than 1600 CLN groups in Milan. Members of the CLNs of the nine Lombardy provinces brought news of the extent of the Resistance in their areas, of the ups and downs in German and Fascist morale. The Economic committee of the CLNAI, headed by Signor Merzagora, general manager of one of the largest Italian firms and a liberal, told me of their plans to save factories and power plants, to ensure the distribution of food during the interim period. The executives of the five parties told me their programs and their hopes.

Practically all Patriot groups in northern Italy recognized the authority of the Military Command appointed by the CLNAI. It was a real army. Because of the hardships of winter, the total strength of the Patriot formations was probably not more than 100,000 when I reached Milan. During the previous summer it had reached a maximum of over 150,000, most of them in the bands in the mountains and the rest in the clandestine squads in the towns. The extent of the help they gave to the Allies and the bitterness of their fight are indicated by their 20,000 dead. Germans and Fascists were afraid of the Patriots whose numbers they often overestimated. A Fascist report of April '45 stated that 300,000 Patriots were going to march on Milan!

Gen. Cadorna, of a famous military family, was the commander of the Patriots. The CLNAI had appointed him while he was in liberated Rome. A man in his late fifties, he asked to be parachuted so to reach the Patriots more rapidly. Of the two vice-commanders, Italo (Luigi Longo), an influential Communist who had achieved military fame in the Spanish Civil War, was the chief of the large Garibaldi formations which made up about two-fifths of the total Patriot forces. The other vice-commander was Somma, who had replaced Parri, arrested by the Fascists, as chief of the active GL formations organized by the Action Party. Cadorna's chief of staff was the chief of the Patriot groups connected with the Liberal Party. Bonfantini led the Matteotti formations of the Socialist Party. In Milan I also met Fiore, Gen. Masini of the Italian army, chief of the *Raggruppamento Cisalpino*, connected with the Christian Democratic Party. The *Raggruppamento* included the Green Flames, an efficient Patriot formation of eastern Lombardy, and most of the bands which at one time controlled the important Valdossola.

Patriots could hold down and harass German troops in the mountains. Through repeated attacks at night they could keep the enemy demoralized. All this was valuable but not enough. Looking for organized groups capable of exercising strong pressure over the Germans, I asked the CLNAI to be put in touch with the underground labor unions. In this field, Christian Democrats and Communists had achieved considerable results; the Socialists had started later but were making good progress. Clandestine labor union groups existed in all the important factories, among the transport workers, in the public and private offices. Several industrialists supplied the unions with funds, arms and food and were helping to organize squads for the protection of the factories. The organization appeared strong enough to carry out a general strike.

The Germans' fears were expressed through brutal repression and also through attempts at reaching compromises with the Resistance. Both in Piedmont and in Lombardy, German authorities put out feelers, promising not to destroy or take away industrial equipment and not to interfere in Patriot-controlled areas if they were guaranteed freedom of movement. The CLNAI sent out strict orders that no one should deal with Germans or Fascists except on the basis of unconditional surrender. It was realized that the

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only way to compel the Germans to surrender was to get them to face a blank wall.

After March 25th, pressure on the Germans was increased day by day, everywhere in Lombardy. The city squads received orders to multiply attacks against uniformed Germans and Fascists. Arms and ammunition were dropped to the Patriots who were able to withstand fierce attacks by the Germans bent on dislodging the GL formations of upper Valtellina and the Green Flames of Val Canonica: valleys leading into the so-called inner fortress. A trial general strike took place in Milan at the end of March. A few days later workers struck in the minor industrial centers north of Milan. On the morning of April 21st, groups of people—mostly women workers—tried to make a demonstration in the centre of Milan. They were dispersed by the Fascists. They tried again next day and the day after, and were successful.

Little was known of events on the various fronts. On April 23rd, the CLNAI ordered a general strike. The timing happened to be correct. Under clandestine conditions orders take some time to travel and the strike became general only in the early afternoon of April 25. That day Mussolini was in Milan, still refusing to believe that the end had come. His agents stated that he was willing to form a Cabinet with the Socialists and the Action Party who were not then represented in the Rome Government. He was at first truculent when, at a meeting at the archbishop's palace, Gen. Cadorna and Messrs. Marazza and Lombardi of the CLNAI told him that they would accept only his unconditional surrender. After having been told that German and Fascist leaders whom he trusted had been trying to deal with the CLNAI for several weeks, he broke down and left saying that he would come back after a last talk with the Germans. He did not come back. That evening, looking from the windows of the Prefettura, he saw the courtyard empty. Shortly before it had been crowded with Fascists who had sworn to die for him. Of the 3,000 men he expected to escort him to Valtellina where he would wait for the Allies to surrender, less than 25 remained. He also fled, to pay with his life for the crimes committed during 22 years of rule. That evening the CLNAI ordered the Patriots in Milan to seize all strategic points and to fight Fascists and Germans whenever they offered resistance.

In a few hours the transformation in Milan had been complete. Until 1 p.m. of April 25, life was as usual: shops were open, trams were running, streets were crowded, there were plenty of German and Fascist uniforms in evidence. Only in the periphery one could see groups of tense-looking workers in factory yards. By 4 p.m. not a German or Fascist uniform could be seen in the streets; in their barracks, German troops were ready for battle; all shops were closed and all trams had disappeared; along Corso Sempione cars were rushing, all heading north: Como, Switzerland, Valtellina. The city was silent. For two hours I walked through the deserted streets, enjoying the novel spectacle. At 4.30 p.m. I saw the first group of Patriots: a patrol on bicycles. At 5:30 I saw the first truck with a red flag. At 6 I saw civilians attacking two German trucks. When I reached my lodgings I told my host: "This is the end." And it was the end; not only of the war in Italy but also of Italian fascism.

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All night long I heard German convoys leaving the city. In the early morning I met Giustino. He told me that at 4 a.m. Lombardi, of the Action Party, the newly-appointed Prefetto (provincial governor) had led squads of Patriots against the Prefettura. Socialist squads had occupied the town hall and everything was ready for Signor Greppi, the new Socialist mayor of Milan. The Questore, a Liberal, was in charge of the police. A court of Justice was being assembled under a well-known lawyer to prevent illegal executions from taking place. The CLNAI and the commanders of the Patriots were in permanent session at the Prefettura. Commissioners had been appointed to take over the ministries of the former Fascist Government. There still was resistance on the part of several Fascist groups: twice I got involved in fighting while trying to reach the Prefettura. Sniping went on all that day and the next. On Friday morning I saw the correspondents of the *Times* and—I believe—of the *News Chronicle*: they wore the first Allied uniforms to be seen in Milan. The British and the American flags were flying at the building where I had established my headquarters. On Saturday morning life was normal again: trams running, shops open, peaceful citizens walking on the pavements. But instead of grey German uniforms and Fascist black shirts you could see the red scarves of the Socialist, Communist and Action Party Patriots, the blue scarves of the Christian-Democrat and Liberal Patriots. The first Allied troops—an American tank patrol—reached the city a little before noon on Sunday.

Looking back, the record of the CLNAI is impressive. The Germans were prevented from settling down and the Fascists from consolidating their Social Republic. Economic collaboration, a fundamental requirement for the German army, was reduced to a minimum. Through the Patriots considerable German and Fascist forces were immobilized which could have been used otherwise against the Allies. Forty thousand Patriots and Resistance members killed meant possibly as many British and American soldiers alive. The CLNAI

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helped to save most of the industrial equipment of northern Italy and assured a fairly peaceful transition from Fascist-German rule to AMG administration. Northern Italians were able to recover part at least of the energy and the self-confidence they had lost under Fascism. The political maturity shown by the leaders meant that they would be a useful addition to those who are trying to promote free institutions in an Italy freed and renewed.

Choose Your Revolution

The case for decentralization

Walter J. Marx

IN THE COURSE of the past year, experts in the Department of Agriculture have indicated that a return to the land offers no solution to the problem of veteran employment. Efficient, commercialized agriculture requires fewer, not more people upon the land.

Publicizing this apparently official viewpoint, C. Hartley Grattan shows in an article published in the January *Harpers* that it is possible to obtain full agricultural production with a diminishing number of workers on the land. The attempts of NIRA to establish subsistence homesteads he dismisses as complete failures with one or two exceptions, notably that of Msgr. Ligutti's enterprise at Granger, Iowa. But he seems to consider Msgr. Ligutti's development as an exception to the general rule of failure and therefore not a precedent of any value to use in determining the usefulness or practicability of the idea of combining factory or industrial work with part-time farming.

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Why did the government-sponsored enterprises fail? Actually, one could have foreseen their failure even before they were started. They were designed for the people on the lowest rung of the economic ladder, people with little training and with almost no resources of their own. Each enterprise was weighed down by a paternalistic bureaucracy which successfully destroyed the remaining shreds of initiative possessed by families who, for the most part, had already been on relief after losing most of their possessions.

There was no adequate educational program established whereby these people could be indoctrinated with a new way of life. They were typical Americans with the typical American's faith in an economic system which, nevertheless, had ceased to function in such a way as to provide a support for large sections of the population. But they hoped for the return of the old prosperity; they were wed to a money economy; they were commercially-minded, inclined to buy for cash many of the things they could have produced at home. They really had no heart for the sort of regimented rural living offered them by a benevolent government.

Why did Msgr. Ligutti's enterprise succeed when these others failed? This is not the place to go into detail concerning the Granger story. Briefly, his success was due first of all to his own practical idealism and leadership, the fact that he dealt with a group of people who were homogeneous, were engaged in the same sort of work, and belonged largely to the same religion, and finally, because Msgr. Ligutti realized from the beginning that such an enterprise could not succeed without a re-education of the workers. Not only were cooperative enterprises fostered, adult education classes held, meetings, etc., but the children of the miners in the Monsignor's parochial school were also indoctrinated in the new way of living. They were taught handicrafts, encouraged to engage in small livestock enterprises, and in general given a philosophy of living diametrically opposed to the way of life so sedulously inculcated by a society still based on a dying economic system: industrial capitalism.

Ralph Borsodi himself, in many ways the most persistent and talented of the apostles of decentralism, has come to realize more and more that a decentralized economy cannot be developed until there is a complete revolution in American education. His magnum opus, now being published, is devoted largely to this question of how to re-educate the American people, revolutionize our schools, and make education a leader in social change rather than a pale reflection of our existing society.

If one accepts the premises of industrial capitalism, the arguments against decentralism are unanswerable. One must confess that in an economic order whose fundamental basis is human greed and a struggle for profits, a flight to the land is no solution. But let us examine some of the implications of wedding our attempts at reform to the continuance of industrial capitalism.

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First of all, it is generally agreed that the business cycle cannot be ironed out. In fact, a thinker of the stature of Professor Schumpeter of Harvard believes that when one speaks of ironing out the business cycle and preserving capitalism one is using a contradiction of terms. If the cycle is eliminated so is the economic system we call capitalism. But the concomitant of the business cycle is periodic unemployment, worker migration, insecurity for great masses of workers and bankruptcy for thousands of small businesses. Even the full employment obtained in war economy demonstrated clearly that worker mobility is an essential in an industrial economy. As certain facets of the economy reach full production or attain sufficient production to supply all foreseeable markets, workers must be shifted into other industries, in all probability, service industries which in turn feel the effects of the cycle.

Recent history shows us the social effects of even full employment in an industrial economy: the creation of a vast rootless population living in trailers and shanties, following the work if need be across the continent; a sharp increase in divorce and broken homes, an alarming number of cases of desertion by the father of his family, and a truly appalling rise in juvenile delinquency. Home ownership under these circumstances is impossible. Community life under these circumstances is impossible. So is normal schooling for children.

The war hastened the technological trends which were already setting a limit to the comparatively brief history of modern capitalism. In a war extending to all corners of the globe, the United States was able to build up an industrial machine that not only made victory possible, supported millions of the most able-bodied workers overseas, but also raised American standards of living to their highest level. In other words, with only about half its labor force, the United States was able to produce for the vast waste of war, feed its armies and many of its allies, and at the same time give its home people more food than they ever ate before. A conservative estimate would be that, with the war over, and war production turned back into civilian production, less than half of the potential labor force of the nation could produce all the manufactured goods that could be sold and all the food that can be disposed of in normal fashion. And our machines are becoming more efficient every day. Let us face frankly the fact that under industrial capitalism decreasing numbers of workers are needed in the vital industries. The only way for these workers to make a living is in a proliferation of the service trades. As for the expansion of these trades and their ability to absorb the unemployed, just ask any veteran who has tried to become an electrician or a plumber! I am writing this in the stable city of Cincinnati where even the conservative press (all the papers here are conservative!) agrees that there are about five veterans for each job available.

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I have spent a good deal of time studying the rise and fall of the great civilizations of the past. I have toiled through Spengler, Toynbee, Sorokin and many others and if I have not found the key which explains why civilizations crash when they seem to be at the peak of their power, I at least have found out certain things essential both to a good and to an enduring society. The basis of any civilization of course is the family. No other way has yet been discovered to provide for the continuity of the race. When the Roman family decayed, Rome fell. Dr. O. E. Baker of the University of Maryland has demonstrated conclusively that American large cities mean death to the nation. Not one can reproduce itself and each is utterly dependent upon a constant influx of population from the country. Without this influx Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, etc., would die in a few generations. The big city was not designed for family living. It was designed for trade and commerce. The family is penalized, is refused housing space and often descends to the slum which blights every large American city. Borsodi and others have shown in detail the valuable functions formerly performed by the family. Most of these functions have already been lost.

After the family comes the community and this too was at the base of ancient civilizations. No one can argue that in the American city there is a vigorous community life. Notoriously, one can live for years without knowing one's neighbors. For the type of cooperative action natural in a real community, and vital for the preservation of democracy, we have substituted action by an overgrown central government. Yet this government cannot hope to duplicate the functions of the community and its intervention is always expensive, and generally kills local initiative. Msgr. Ligutti has often deplored the necessity he found of accepting government financial help in the building of the homes in Granger. It is conservatively estimated that this government help, with all the red tape connected with it, actually doubled the cost of the Granger homes.

In addition to a strong family and community organization, a virile civilization requires something intangible, a sort of ethos, a profound *belief* in its way of life, in its future and in its government. Professor Sorokin of Harvard had shown clearly that such a society must have a strong ideational bias, must rest on a general acceptance of a unified body of religious beliefs. Once the balance of a society turns to the sen-

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sate side, when there is a rise of scepticism, a lack of faith in the system, when economic activity is based on purely materialistic considerations, then that society is on the way out. The birth rate declines because after all children are not economically profitable and the expense of rearing them can be used better to secure some of the materialistic pleasures of a sensate civilization. Eventually, all history has demonstrated, a less civilized but more virile people take over the decaying monuments of a people too decimated, too corrupt, too cynical and too impotent to protect its possessions. One more civilization passes from the stage of history.

Mr. Borsodi and most other decentralists including myself agree that a successful decentralist movement, comprising first the establishment of small homesteads of a strictly subsistence sort, with the main income of the decentralist still coming from a private business or urban employment, must be founded upon the private initiative of the individual or of groups of individuals organized in a cooperative which could buy the original block of land at better rates and which could provide certain facilities beyond the means of any individual decentralist. But the merit of the whole decentralist movement is its flexibility and the fact that a single family can on a remarkably individual basis put into effect its key principles.

First, let us be clear on one point: a successful decentralist movement would mean a revolution in American economic life. We believe that it would lead to a better life from the sociological point of view, and if planned properly it would not mean necessarily a renunciation of the technical benefits of modern progress. Industries would be run by either cooperative organizations or with joint management by workers and owners. Our vast advertising apparatus would disappear (and what a relief that would be to us who would like to enjoy the radio!), and industry would produce for a known, not a hoped for market. A vast number of items, Mr. Borsodi estimates about two-thirds now purchased in stores, would be produced in the home. Industry would concentrate on those things not suitable for home production. The cost of distribution has become so fantastic that the cheaper factory production of many items is completely eaten up by the cost of bringing the items to the consumer.

Secondly, let us be clear that decentralism is a long-range program and is not designed to absorb the residue of workers who cannot find employment in industry. The idea is for large numbers of the middle class, who can somehow save sufficient money, to secure a piece of land of their own. Since members of this class afford automobiles and since before present inflated real estate prices, families have succeeded in acquiring a modicum of independence with no higher a cash investment than the price of a new automobile, this is not impossible. Each decentralist then provides a home for his family, not by going to FHA and assuming a life-time mortgage, but by doing a little pioneering, using the money he otherwise would have paid in rent to buy building materials. His main saving will not be the price of the vegetables he produces but his rent.

The Department of Agriculture has published a little pamphlet, "If You're Thinking of a Little Place in the Country," which describes several case histories of workers who have attained more security and at the same time a good life by acquiring rural homes. Friends of mine have also made the transition successfully. Certain qualities are necessary: the woman must be willing to work and must firmly believe in the plan; the man must have certain skills and an ability to use his hands. He must be a carpenter, plumber, mason, and at least a rough mechanic even before he acquires any agricultural skills. Incidentally, the time taken to learn the above trades is much exaggerated.

In the course of time, increasing segments of America's middle class, white-collar, manual worker and intellectual, would be increasingly withdrawn from the capitalistic economy. The cooperatives that would be founded to provide the tools for this decentralized economy, and the cooperatives that would sell the surplus produce of the decentralists would provide employment for increasing numbers of those on the lower rungs of the economic ladder. The stability provided by the decentralists would eventually help certain American industries and enable them to afford such things as the guaranteed annual wage, worker pensions, etc. In the long run, the families of the decentralists might prove to be the main source for repopulation of dying portions of the nation.

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At least this is the only social revolution I know of which can be brought about without violence, without the expenditure of vast government funds, and without the building up of a bureaucracy that in revolutions so often simply replaces the bureaucracy it turns out.

The alternative to the decentralist society is the totalitarian state. Big business demonstrated plainly in the depression years that it was completely incapable of finding a way out of the impasse. Government obviously cannot allow a situation to develop in which industry can dispense with half of its workers and still maintain full production. But if government plans our whole economic life we have lost our freedom and all the things we supposedly fought for in this war. Government planning of our entire economy is totalitarianism no matter whether we call it state capitalism, communism or fascism

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It would be the final coup de grace of capitalism but the remedy would be worse than the disease for even under capitalism the individual retains an astonishing degree of freedom. Otherwise, the whole decentralist plan could not be put to work, for in its early stages it is dependent upon a money income from jobs provided by the existing economic structure. Totalitarianism would not permit the freedom vital to the decentralists.

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One defect of most plans is their absolute nature. No decentralist insists that all people must flee to the land. We know full well that only a fraction of the population has the talent, skills, financial resources and desire to follow the decentralist path at this time. All we claim is that if this segment of the population achieves its own well-being, its success will be the best propaganda in defense of decentralism. Its cooperative enterprises will, as in Sweden, force private industry into line in regard to prices and quality. And this same segment of the population, through its education and experience, may form a much-needed élite to spear-head the masses in bringing pressure upon Congress to supplement by appropriate legislation a variety of measures that would return to the American people the ownership of vast sections of the nation now being ruined for all time by wasteful one-crop agriculture.

However, in the last analysis, the final word rests inevitably with the rural inhabitants whether they are decentralist homesteaders or share-croppers in a rural slum. They are the ones who will repopulate the nation, their grandchildren will inherit the earth, and most of the intellectuals and economists writing amid the comfortable surroundings of urban offices will be dead and buried without posterity to carry on their ideas. After all, birth control and race suicide are the natural products of a sensate culture based on selfishness and the possession of material things. As Spengler once said, every conquest of Nature by man is in reality a defeat, for man finally snaps the taut cord which binds him to his natural environment. We have become an over-specialized, overly-dependent people, paralyzed if any tiny cog in our economy ceases to function.

But this is not inevitable. It is the fault of man and man can remedy some of his mistakes almost up to the final cataclysm—or at least salvage the essentials for a new cycle of civilization. The longer he waits the less there will be to salvage.

Poems on Postcards

Who first called it Wishful Thinking?
Some defeatist who'd been drinking.

But philosophers, out fishing,
Turned it into Thoughtful Wishing.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Communications

DEALING WITH THE RUSSIANS

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: I can't see why we all act toward Russians as if they are a race of supermen. As a matter of fact this generation of Russians is very much our current generation of Americans, with the difference that the Russians have been shaped and controlled by an outwardly close-knit and relatively Small Party, and we are a people of individualists, combining into an infinity of parties according to our individual, personal interests. What happened to Russians, while I lived with the series of Russian revolutions and watched them pretty intimately, was that, at first, Russians attempted to throw off the deadening effects of the stagnant bureaucracy set up by Peter "the Great" on the German model for greater material efficiency. Their next step was to own land personally and build a modern form of self-government on that basis, and that basis was the same as is now in the minds of the Chinese and Korean so-called "Reds" or "Communists." Both in China and Korea the great majority of people live on and from the land. Men go on for generations and centuries living on the same spot of land, but never owning it. They are trying, by every revolutionary means, to acquire ownership of their means of subsistence. Since they are concerned primarily with land and food production, however, their notions of so-called communism have no relation to the industrial communism of Karl Marx, of Lenin and Trotsky, and of the Bolshevik party which moved in on the Russian agrarian revolution, dominated and controlled it.

When the small body of Bolshevik mechanics, well-drilled and as toughly disciplined as our marine corps, seized all means of communication (which I watched them do, just as anyone could have watched our American unions do in the New York tug-boat strike or the Western Union, telephone operators' or railway brotherhoods' strike), they proceeded to consolidate their power by two clever strokes. They resurrected a very ancient Russian democratic procedure, that of the village council, i.e., Soviet, and perverting the meaning of democracy as we understand it, they made their democracy a class affair. They exterminated two of the three Russian social classes, the nobility and the educated bourgeoisie, and left only the great majority, the illiterate peasantry. When the Bolsheviks had got the peasantry well in hand, they ordered everybody to learn to read and write well—or be shot. That is denied, of course, by our quaint liberals, but it is a fact. If one happens to live in places where that sort of thing is done, one can watch it happening.

The result of all that is what we see today wherever one sees Russians. The European peasant is not necessarily a stupid man merely because he is illiterate. He is more likely to be a shrewd man because he has had to survive in spite of the hardships of illiteracy. In the case of the Russian one is likely to find a combination of European peasant shrewdness and the canny trickery of the Oriental (by which, also, the Oriental has sur-

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vived his masters). In addition the Russian has the underlying brutal roughness of the Russian boyar of Ivan the Terrible. Your current generation of Russians is a greedy reader, now that he is literate, but with a handicap: he is subject to an Index and an Inquisition, just as we have both those institutions, which have been abused by us at times. The Russian is free only in the materialistic field. His dogma and his doctrine are not debatable. He is completely indoctrinated.

You have, in the Russians, complete freedom to develop scientific materialism. You have a one-class society, as near as that is possible in human society. You have consciousness, for the first time in Russian history, of the roots of Russia, of "Holy Russia" and of "Mother Russia," all of which lay very deep in the Russian soul with no very clear concept of what it meant, all of which has now sprouted vigorously into a violent nationalism, and its deep religiosity into a sort of messianism. You have consciousness among Russians of what they want. Their Politburo shows them how to get it. They mean to have it; but none of that makes them supermen. Their Politburo, a very small group of "planners," a "brain-trust," is by no means a solidly united body any more than our brain-trusters have been solidly united. The difference between them and us is that they prevent any public discussion or even leakage about their plans—while we leak all over the place, thank God! This generation of Russians is fascinated by improving on accepted European procedures, by out-smarting us in our own games.

I remember Leon Trotsky telling me once that the Party recognized no diplomatic privileges or accepted processes, or international law. Today his successors insist on all those things for themselves and try to show the world that they are far better at them than we are; but, underneath, the Russian peasant still understands crude language used strictly to the point even better than he understands the new diplomat-slicker way. We are very like Russians in that. Dealing with the old Western European slicker-diplomat we love to try to out-slick him, and don't always succeed. When we get down to plain honest talk, when we allow ourselves to be tough-minded (not tough-acting, which Russians do not fear), when we make it clear what we want and what we mean to have, this generation of Russians understands. They have no wish for war—not for a long time to come, until Russians are fully developed and internally set. They can get along with anybody who knows what he wants and means to have it for the common good, but they must be certain that he means it. If he doesn't, they will take advantage of anybody, for their own good.

If we could ever get around to integrating ourselves on sound American principles and then treating other people as human beings (not as supermen) there'd be no insurmountable difficulty about living in the same world with Russians. If we could visualize ourselves from their opposite angle, we might get understanding that the Russians see that we are just as cocky as they are, just as suspicious of them as they are of us, just as determined to have our way as they are to have theirs, but that they believe we are pretty sloppy internally and they are better set to get what they think they need. Maybe if we all had more people loose in public affairs like "Our Ernie" Bevin, we'd all get on better. It isn't a paradox, really, to take Russians very seriously and at the same time, not take them seriously at all.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

BOSTON'S POLITICAL MORALS

THE KATHERINE LOUGHLIN article on Boston, Mayor Curley and Boston Catholics in the March 15 issue produced an interesting mail. Miss Loughlin struck out for lay initiative with a decidedly greater than usual vigor. One side of her arraignment could be called "anti-clerical"—in a strictly limited and fully orthodox and faithful sense—because it pointed out clearly some stifling and monopolistic tendencies among priests. At the same time, her article attacks the inertia and irresponsibility of Catholic lay folk in a fashion that could doubtless be termed "anti-laityism." In any case, priests and laity wrote us to express pleasure and interest that so obvious a problem as "Boston's Political Morals" was opened up with honesty, sincerity and assured factual background.

It was recognized that Boston furnishes an example—a type, and no unique instance. The geographic scattering is wide . . .

(From a Middle Atlantic State) Although I am in no position to evaluate the specific factors in the Boston situation cited by Miss Loughlin, I wholeheartedly support her rallying cry to our Catholic laity to recognize their duty for positive action toward the good in public life both as citizens and as Catholics bound by a morale code which is mandatory in all areas of living.

(The Mid-West) Her message from Boston is something for all America to hear and learn from . . . (The Great Plains) What Katherine Loughlin said in her article about clergy and laity in Boston certainly needed saying and her comments might have a wider application than to Boston . . . (From the Pacific Coast, from a Gulf port, priests wrote in commendation of the article as applying around the other edges of the country too. The article was applied to foreign countries also.). . . .

Katherine Loughlin hit the nail on the head and I, for one cleric, have no disagreement with her. As a matter of fact, we should greet her as an ally. On the brink of an era of subtle clericalism she has called us to our senses. I don't know the details of the case of Boston or any other town. If she failed in the gathering of her facts, which sounds very improbable in an article as restrained, fearless, tactful and charitable as hers, her basic principles are sound and could be inserted in any manual of Catholic Action vs. the ills that have befallen the Church here and abroad. . . .

Germany: was it not, on a tragic scale, the same thing over there? "Is it not possible . . . for the Church, made up of individuals leading noble sacrificial lives, to act selfishly as a civic group, to be self-seeking in relation to other groups?" How true this sounds to anybody remembering the first years after Hitler's "seizure of power" (1933-1939)! What a moral force would the Church be in Germany, Italy, Spain and the rest, if it had not been only the solitary figures of Pius XI and Pius XII who cried woe over crime and lies and injustice to *all* men.

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Miss Loughlin has put her finger with sparing charity but sincere and fearless earnest on the only danger that threatens us, a danger from within. As long as we preserve the notion that we are in a state of siege and under martial law, that the army of Christ consists of officers and enlisted men (and a few top sergeants), that discipline and unquestioning obedience can be derived from the Sermon on the Mount, we will be choked up in our smugness. The dignity of the individual and respect for our fellow man's reason are going to be blunt weapons in our defense against any kind of collectivism, if we continue to practice what they preach. You can easily enumerate a long list of incidents in your own backyard to complete Miss Loughlin's cases to quite an impressive degree. Those things get around—even if our big magazines and movies give us a terrific publicity showing just what Miss Loughlin said: a church of clerics in danger of seeing the next phase: *ecclesia depopulata*—shepherds without sheep.

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Surprisingly few letters spoke about the particular problem of Mayor Curley, and only a few took it as reflecting upon Boston personally . . .

For fifteen years I have read your editorials and comments. Now I am asking you to read one of mine.
Why the article, in your March 15th edition, "Boston's Political Morals"? The lady who contributed the article is only referred to by you as being "herself a Bostonian." Well, that fact, like charity, so the article claims, covers a multitude of sins.
I can see where the young lady who contributed the article probably had in mind starting something. Like the tramp who threw the brick through Tiffany's window, she seems to have started something. Only she wants to throw a whole cartload at one throwing. Poor Boston! . . .
Well, well. Maybe they are not as angelic as they would like to be. But it is a little rough treatment to extol them in one sentence, and wail over them in the next sentence. . . .
But her sympathy for Mayor James M. Curley is a little hard to follow. Perhaps, if invited, Miss Loughlin will contribute another article, and in it she will refer to and comment on the following facts: that James M. Curley was elected Mayor of Boston by an almost unanimous choice; that the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court administered the oath of office; that at least two United States Senators and two Governors of States were present at the inaugural; that over the years, most of New England's public men have felt honored by Curley's companionship; that the judge who presided at the trial in Washington publicly declared that he was anxious to have an appeal taken from his rulings.

More general comments from priests and lay people from various places ran like this:

What Katherine Loughlin is doing here is to express as a lady what many thousands of Catholic fighting men are expressing in language ranging from semi-orthodox profanity to the lurid obscenity of the foxhole. . . . Catholics as a whole are pretty narrow. Too many want their priests to do their thinking for them even about civic affairs. And too many priests get pretty smug about themselves. It's just human nature. . . . Would that every high school and College (Catholic) in the United States might take it to heart and ponder it well. How Cardinal Newman would have prized it. . . . I think it is one of the most stimulating and most thought-provoking articles I have had the good fortune to read in many a long day. . . . The Boston article was superb. The priests that I have discussed it with are tickled pink about it. I hope it elicits some red-hot letters. You sometimes make me mad. I have several times canceled my subscription. But for your article, "Boston's Political Morals," by Katherine Loughlin, I am glad and applaud.

. . . My curiosity concerning the editors of the present day COMMONWEAL was aroused by the fact that four priest visitors on seeing THE COMMONWEAL on my desk expressed surprise that I was a subscriber. Now the fact that you accepted the article by Katherine Loughlin convinces me that the new COMMONWEAL has slipped. . . . It will be welcomed by all who have been bewildered by the widespread condoning on the part of Catholics, clerical and lay, of the dishonesty of public officials who at the same time are Catholics. . . . Katherine Loughlin discussed a problem of real importance. For clerical dominance has all too long prevented our Catholic laity from coming into its own and frustrated the potentialities of an enlightened lay leadership. The call of Pius XI and Pius XII for letting the laity in on the work of the Church has received scant notice. . . .

The Stage & Screen

Mary of Magdala

IN ACCORDANCE with the Lenten season and with their established and serious reputation as an experimental theater, the Blackfriars' Guild is offering Ernest Milton's play until April 16. As staged by Dennis Gurney, I thought this importation from England a neat job of direction; the playing mainly composed and skilful. The piece itself naturally raises the old prejudice of the advisability of presenting religious themes on the stage. Mr. Milton's Magdalen is presented against a background of sophisticated "Liberals" in her journey toward salvation and, appropriately enough, no easy analogy or anachronism is omitted in the script. Aside from the difficulty of accepting a character whose exposition specified a degree of beauty and allure impossible, I should say, to mortal woman, I thought the business interesting throughout its three acts, with some scenes (a flute-playing peddler's especially) outstanding. And Helen Horton managed her first over-heralded entrance with admirable calm. I do think someone got a little too fancy with costumes and set, but as this group offers all-round opportunity to its members, there is small reason why the designers should not also explore. Douglas Gordon's Bodmin, Ray Colcord's Quintus, Robert Carroll's Othmar were all smooth. Joseph Nash should not want to be an actor, I think. On the whole, however, an earnest thoughtful evening provided by the town's only historical small working theater. (*At the Blackfriars' Theater.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Drama—Not So Mellow

EVERY NOW and then Hollywood acquires ownership of a book or play that proves too much for the boys. Sometimes they hold this property to let the idea simmer for a while. Sometimes they use only the title; other times they incorporate a phase of the book into

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another movie. Once in a while, they put the whole thing on the shelf and forget it. Perhaps this last is what they should have done with *"The Postman Always Rings Twice."* This tightly written, early James Cain novelette was bought years ago by M-G-M. Now, with the recent success of "Double Indemnity" and "Mildred Pierce," the "Postman" was dusted off, made by Harry Ruskin and Niven Busch into a screenplay that finally got by the Hays Office, and put into starry production. The result is diluted Cain that rates a long low whistle. It sizzles like a Fourth-of-July sparkler and has about as much meaning. From its symbolic "Man Wanted" sign at the beginning, it goes on and on interminably with a story about two immoral people who are going to have what they want even if they have to commit murder for it. Well, they do commit murder. Their first attempt to kill Cora's husband fails, so they try again. The joke of it is they get away with it; and after they've outsmarted the police, they think they're all set for their kind of happiness. But the joke is on them. The Postman Always Rings Twice; and, at the end, Frank is convinced of killing Cora who dies in an accident! Lana Turner, in a series of white creations by Irene, and John Garfield, in a series of dungarees befitting a filling station attendant, work hard as the couple who love not wisely but too passionately. It is not their fault that the picture lacks conviction and even fails to hold one's interest. Tay Garnett's direction is slow and repetitive; he succeeds best with the secondary characters: Cecil Kellaway as Cora's husband, Leon Ames as the frustrated D.A., Hume Cronyn as Cora's lawyer. The answer seems to be that this time the movies tried to tackle more than they could handle.

"Gilda" is another movie that had its makers stumped before they started. They spent plenty of money on an elaborate production and wound up with a well-dressed dud. The story, so confused that it is almost impossible to retell, has to do with a fascinating female (Rita Hayworth) who marries the wealthy owner of a casino (George MacReady) and pretends to two-time him with a series of gigolos to spite the young man (Glenn Ford) with whom she is really in love. To add to the confusion, the husband has a vague idea that he's some kind of god because he's all mixed up in cartels. So he pretends to commit suicide; then the young man marries Gilda and locks her up to give her time to think over what a nice fellow her first husband was. She rightly decides she married a couple of lunatics. Occasionally Director Charles Vidor was able to instill some good moments of cinema into this absurd story, but most of the time he was bogged down by script. Miss Hayworth was rather unlucky in her first straight dramatic piece, but she does sing "Put the Blame on Mame," a good torchy number, just to show she still has her flare for this sort of thing; and she wears some beautiful clothes beautifully.

It is good that we can report one straightforward movie this week. Readers of *"Dragonwyck"* will not be disappointed with this film made from Anya Seton's novel; and moviegoers will find a well-photographed costume affair with a Jane Eyreish story about society

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on the Hudson in the 1840's. Gene Tierney plays the heroine with spirit, but without getting too flamboyant. In fact the whole cast, directed by Joseph Mankiewicz, is excellent, particularly Walter Huston and Anne Revere as the girl's parents, Vivienne Osborne as the thwarted mistress of the castle, and Henry Morgan as a New York farmer who leads the rebels against the domineering patron. Vincent Price tends to overdo his rôle slightly—but his vivid characterization fits the story well. He's the Rochester in this tale about a governess who comes to the strange house and doesn't get wise to the weird goings-on until she finds herself quite involved. You may not believe the plot of this fanciful movie, but it provides a couple of hours of escape.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Labor Movement

Beneath the Surface

THE FORCES of law and order recently slapped an indictment on Major George Berry, ex-Senator from Tennessee who is also president of the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union, AFL, for income tax evasion to the tune of about $14,000.

It is possible that Major Berry is innocent. It is also possible that even if he did steal from the government, he did not steal from the union membership. It is even more possible, however, that Westbrook Pegler has already written a column on this subject, a column which makes the point that what-kind-of-a-country-is-this-anyway-where-thieves-like-Berry-are-allowed-to-suck-the-blood-of-honest-workingmen.

In this possible column Pegler may or may not have made the further possible point that Major Berry is pretty much of a dictator in his union and in that sense is typical of a certain type of AFL "labor czar." A point he would certainly not have made is that for many years the printing pressmen earned about twice as much money as the college graduate who wrote the stuff they printed—until the latter smartened up and got a union of their own.

A letter has arrived from a friend, a member of Berry's union, which hammers home even more strongly the moral you will never, never learn in Pegler's column, namely, that behind the façade of unethical power, beneath the surface of dishonest machinery that marks certain American unions, there is usually a good deal of solid value. Even in the worst of them.

This friend is no longer able to work. He has been sick with tuberculosis for some years, has no home or family of his own and no means of support other than the pension he receives from—guess who—the printing pressmen's union. At the present time he is living at "The Pressmen's Home" in Tennessee, where there is not only a rest home for pressmen who are aged and infirm, but also one of the best TB sanatoria in the country.

At this sanatorium, among other things, you get fruit or fruit juice, two kinds of cereal, ham-and-eggs-bacon-and-eggs-or-sausage-and-eggs and two pots of coffee for breakfast every morning. In the TB business you just don't see that kind of food outside the strictly millionaire class.

The letter says, in addition, "Every patient gets a suit of clothes, a pair of Florsheim shoes, socks ½ doz. pair, ½ doz. handkerchiefs, ties, underwear, pajamas, sweater, hat, and possibly a topcoat." (The clothing shortage makes the topcoat only possible.) "The suit of clothes is worth at least $40.00. Of course, we can choose our own material or cloth. We also have our eyes and teeth attended to. The dress shirts we get are worth at least $3.00 apiece. We get clothes twice a year—spring and fall. Everything is paid for by the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union of North America and Canada. We have 40 cows—the best breed—about six or seven thousand chickens. They have a smokehouse, cure their own bacon, hams. The pig farm is away up the other end of property . . ."

Do you think there is any chance Pegler might like to see this letter? Maybe he'd be interested in the smokehouse. If he too has a large farm of his own, and he probably has, it might be worth trying.

Unorganized Baseball

IT has been a long time since anyone tried to sell unionism to professional ball players. Although in other respects baseball is a classic example of the highly organized and regulated industry, it is an organization and a regulation that is exclusively the property of the owners.

Every spring the weakness of the individual, run-of-the-mill player—as distinguished from the Babe Ruths and Joe DiMaggios—is demonstrated once again in the bargaining for new contracts. This year, for instance, there was the tragic case of Danny Gardella, ex-outfielder for the New York Giants.

Gardella has been this column's favorite ballplayer ever since the day, on a dull road-trip, when he left a note for his room-mate which read, "Life is too much for me," climbed out of the seventh-story window and hung from the sill until his room-mate came in and was properly alarmed. He is probably the only outfielder in the world who ever alibied a bad season with the remark, "The trouble with me last year, I was too neurotic."

"Dauntless Dan" (also "Dangerous Dan") is just the opposite of the famous prospect who was described by Gonzalez, Cardinal scout, in a telegram, "Good field no hit." In his case it is "good hit no field." A reporter once wrote of him, "Gardella made a sensational catch of an easy fly in right center." Nevertheless, he was able to powder the pill, as they say, and during the 1945 season hit something like 20 homers, which during the lean war years was practically par for the course.

Consequently, Gardella approached the Giants' training camp this spring with even more than his usual store of cockiness plus a demand for a sizable raise. Of course, if there had been a baseball players' union, the union negotiators would have been able to take Danny aside, explain to him that the war is over, that the really good men are back. Keep cool and maybe we can get you a few extra dollars.

But no. Danny was on his own. So what does he do? He irritates Manager Ott with his arrogant ways, strides into the fancy Florida hotel dining room in his shirt sleeves and when Secretary Brannick remonstrates with him, very rudely tells the latter to "go take a sunbath for yourself."

Naturally, Mr. Brannick was offended. At the time he had no desire to take a sunbath for himself. (It should be pointed out in Gardella's behalf, however, that in New York City alone there were at that moment at least four

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million people who would have paid several gold doubloons for the privilege of taking a sunbath for themselves on the Florida sands.) The upshot was that Dangerous Dan got the axe, but good. He was now dropped right through the floor into the Mexican League, and it appears that American baseball has been deprived of the services of one of its most colorful performers for some time to come. All of which is very sad.

This really hasn't got very much to do with the labor movement, but maybe you'll enjoy meeting Dauntless Dan Gardella, the reckless outfielder who needed a union—but bad.

JOHN C. CORT.

Books of the Week

Justice and the Social Order. Emil Brunner, Harper. $3.00.
The Social Problems of an Industrial Civilization. Elton Mayo. Harvard Business School. $2.50.

ONE might think that two books with such related titles as "Justice and the Social Order" and "The Social Problems of an Industrial Civilization" would have a good share of common content. Suspicion to the contrary, however, is aroused by the knowledge that the former is the work of "one of the foremost theologians in the Protestant world," Dr. Emil Brunner, while the latter is a study by Professor Elton Mayo, long prominent in the Industrial Research Bureau of the Harvard School of Business Administration.

The contrast between the two books arises from the perennial conflict between the theorist and the practical man. The scholars meditate and communicate their theory to the small inner circle. The practical men dig, tinker, tend machines, draw up schedules of wages and production, and somehow keep people fed and housed. The theorists are not close enough to the people and their principles seem remote. The practical men scorn and suspect the theorists and go on their way figuring out ways of doing things by trial and error. The special problem of social ethics is to bring these two worlds together, so the theorist becomes practical and the practical guided by theory.

In this respect Dr. Brunner has done far and away the better job. The first half of his book is a careful investigation of the meaning of justice. He evaluates Greek, Stoic and Christian contributions to the idea. Justice reaches its flowering when Christian thought reconciles both the basic equality of all men and the inequalities of ability and function, which is the "pre-condition of the natural community of men." The central problem today is to avoid the individualism of the rationalists, who wrecked fellowship, and collectivism, which destroys freedom. Dr. Brunner's treatment is a thorough philosophical probing into the subtleties of justice, surpassed, to my knowledge, only by the thought of Maritain on the same subject. His rejection of individualism (Dr. Brunner has been closely associated with Karl Barth) and his constant emphasis on community and fellowship mark an interesting and important trend in Protestant theology. Dr. Brunner states at the beginning: "While the Catholic church, drawing on centuries of tradition, possesses an impressive systematic theory of justice, Protestant Christianity has had none for some three hundred years." It would seem that Dr. Brunner has nearly filled this gap with one book. Catholics will find much to admire and something to learn from his writing.

When it comes to the application of principles of justice, the book runs into the usual difficulty—abstractedness. He condemns totalitarianism, communism, liberalism. He insists that the Christian marriage is indissoluble, even if the state must allow divorce in some cases. He states bluntly: "Childlessness in marriage, if undesired, is a misfortune; if desired, it is a wrong." In application to economic order he is generally liberal, with a leaning toward the Belloc thesis of the relation between economic liberty and personal freedom. In discussing international justice he, a native of Switzerland, makes wise observations about the place and rights of small nations. Yet throughout one has the feeling of distance from real life situations. It's all true, but it will have to be re-stated a couple of times before it is going to affect the actions of good Protestant bankers, employers, workers and statesmen.

The book of Professor Mayo is something else. He is the practical research man, offering a plan to cure social problems by testing, and by objective experiment in the clinic of panting factories. It is never quite clear what the major social problems are—there is no mention of unemployment or maldistribution of income—but perhaps that is not the province of the practical man. Still, he has some theories. The cause of modern social troubles (there would have been no war if we'd but known it) is that social skills have not advanced step by step with technical skills. The Industrial Revolution has shot us past the stage "in which effective communication and collaboration were secured by established routines of relationships," and we need a new method to secure cooperation.

The trouble is with the social scientists—not because

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they don't try to adjust living and production to principles of justice, but because they theorize too much. "Current texts on politics still quote Aristotle, Plato, Machiavelli, Hobbes and books of other authors," writes the shocked Professor Mayo. "What chemist finds needs of quoting Thales and the alchemists?" The economists and sociologists should adopt the clinical method. This consists in gaining entrance to a factory, as the Industrial Research Bureau of the Harvard School of Business Administration did at the Hawthorne Western Electric Company, and studying objectively. Select a test room; add and eliminate rest periods; increase and decrease illumination at work; give and take away free lunches; correlate with production. Then interview. Let the workers talk and disclose their troubles. In the actual tests at Hawthorne, production rose even when the factory returned to old conditions because the girls got the spirit of cooperation; they were a group—consciously working together. "Intelligent handling of the situation—not sentimental, but simply intelligent—resulted in major changes of a definitely measurable order. . . . Production increased, wastage diminished, absenteeism and labor turnover diminished—would not such changes in specific instances be taken as triumphs for systematic study in any other area of inquiry?" If Professor Mayo had not called his book "The Social Problems of an Industrial Civilization," if his motive had not been quite so broad as to introduce the means of preventing all war and social disorder, and if he were not so pretentious and apocalyptic in his writing, it would be easier to find some words of commendation for a method which has legitimate but very limited value.

EMERSON HYNES.

A Wall to Paint On. Ione Robinson. Dutton. $3.75.

"THIS is the intimate and charming story of one of America's most colorful young mural painters, whose life has been a rich mixture of tragedy and comedy." Her purpose always has been "learning to feel and understand the passion of life that is in all natural and human things." So states the publisher's blurb! Well, perhaps so, but the story is really the diary of any one of many young enthusiastic artists whose travels take them to the usual places and whose acquaintances—whether obscure or well known—lead them to rhapsodic outbursts or commonplace utterances.

The story ostensibly is related to the search of a wall to paint on but this search is continually overshadowed by the recital of personal matters, of more or less interest. The author hops about a good deal and relates her experiences, without apparent continuity; from New York to Paris, to Cannes,, Mexico City, back to New York, back to Mexico, then to Spain. In many places she meets artists whose work or personality she admires or criticizes, as anyone else would do. Interspersed in the tale are sidelights on her marital difficulties, her divorce, her mother's problems: in the meantime the reader will wonder what has become of the "wall to paint on."

The illustrations in this book are another puzzle. You would think that an artist in search of a wall to paint on would make a careful choice of her work which would justify her publisher's claim to being "one of America's most colorful young mural painters!" But the illustrations are a collection of odds and ends: some ten photographs of the author—it is true she is very attractive—a number of sketches of Spanish people in Barcelona during the Civil War; a few paintings; photographs of Spanish generals and children. The title of the book is perhaps justified through the inclusion of several snapshots of Diego Rivera, on and off his scaffolding.

All in all this is a curious book. It might have been titled "Diary of a Young Girl in Search of a Story."

MAURICE LAVANOUX.

Composer and Critic: Two Hundred Years of Musical Criticism. Max Graf. Norton. $3.75.

ON THE STREETS of Vienna in the 1890's one encountered musical history in the making at every corner. Johannes Brahms, any day, a heavy, broad-shouldered, middle-class man, with the long beard of a professor, walking slowly with a rocking gait, like an old Newfoundland dog. Anton Bruckner, wearing an artist's hat on his close-cropped peasant head, a broad jacket of thick rustic cloth and wrinkled trousers. Only one composer did not walk, but was driven in a smart carriage, dressed elegantly, had dyed whiskers and the burning black eyes of an Oriental. When he passed the strollers would exclaim, "Look! Johann Strauss."

That was the Vienna in which Max Graf began his long and scholarly career as a critic, historian and professor of music. Those are largely his words in an introduction, which includes much from his charming recollections of Bruckner in this magazine (THE COMMONWEAL, September 11, 1942), to a comprehensive history of musical criticism.

Dr. Graf begins almost a hundred years before the accessory art he evaluates got under way. The Cartesian transformation in esthetic ideas, which he discusses, occurred in the mid-seventeenth century. The first music critics influential enough to earn the name were Johann Mattheson and Georg Philipp Telemann, who flourished in the early Eighteenth Century.

Bach had his Scheibe, Wagner his Hanslick and few composers escaped Bernard Shaw. Perhaps the high point in unconscious critical irony was the notice which recorded a Mozart premiere in Munich:

> "On the 29th of the past month the opera Idomeneo was performed for the first time in our new opera house. Libretto, music and translation originated in Salzburg. The decorations—of which the most inspiring are the view of the seaport and the temple of Neptune—are masterpieces by our theater architect, Mr. Corent Quaglio, and aroused the admiration of all."

Quaglio indeed!

This history of criticism follows the history of music, faithfully and interestingly, through Germany and Italy and into Russia, France, England and the United States. The author's own opinions, on both music and criticism, are almost always unexceptionable. His book is a worthy companion piece to the notable books on music issued in recent years by the Norton firm.

It will disappoint many that "Composer and Critic" halts without discussion of living American critics. It would be of great interest to know, for one thing, Dr. Graf's thoughts on *Time's* recent pronouncement that Virgil Thompson's criticisms are superior to Olin Downes's. But Dr. Graf's method is necessarily one of charm, understanding, and mature judgment. No doubt it would be thankless to enter the arena of current, competitive criticism, even with the unique equipment Dr. Graf could offer. This work will profit the music lover, the student and the professional.

JOHN BRUBAKER.

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The Other Side. Storm Jameson. Macmillan. $1.75.

MISS JAMESON'S novel is the sort of book most likely to result when a professional writer begins with a problem (or two or three problems), then rounds up a set of jerry-built characters to discuss the problem as they move at quick time over an uncomplicated and fairly credible plot route. The result is usually a small lathe product, more or less nearly turned out. Miss Jameson's book is no exception, and as an example of this type job it falls into the large middle category between real success and real failure.

The lead problem in this book is the "fate and the state of mind of some young Frenchwoman who had married for love a German stationed in Normandy and been sent or taken by him to his family in Germany before D-Day." As an added bit of misery the Frenchwoman's husband is killed in the war and she is left alone with her in-laws in defeated Germany. Moving close behind this difficulty (and sometimes overtaking it) is the problem of the German character, or split-soul. The publishers of this 134-page novel see a third consideration in Miss Jameson's work: a statement that "one must see the Other Side before one can solve any problems between persons and nations." Readers will probably find this last problem running a very obscure third.

All these matters are presented for discussion when some members of the French army of occupation move into a part of the chateau inhabited by the Frenchwoman and her German in-laws. The forum is conducted by the Frenchwoman's brother-in-law, a former colonel in the German army. Other leading debaters are two French officers, an English officer, and the Frenchwoman herself. There is a great deal of generalizing, some occupation trouble, a killing, and finally the Frenchwoman rights herself through love and conversation.

Miss Jameson's prose is clean and generally blameless but unexciting. People who have spent any time occupying Germany since the end of this war might find her notion of contemporary army atmosphere in Europe a bit thin.

JOHN BRODERICK.

Pange Lingua. Rev. Robert E. Brennan. Tidings, Los Angeles, Cal. $3.00.

WE WELCOME most heartily this little book of fifty essays on various phases of the Liturgy. The author writes clearly, out of a thorough training and long experience, of the power and beauty of the Liturgy, touching on the cycles and great feasts of the Church Year, showing the place of Choir in worship, hinting at certain prevalent defects of judgment and practice, and throwing light on many troubled issues of the Church at worship. Priests and teachers will find in these essays much to ponder and to convey in turn to their own flocks.

RICHARD FLOWER.

The Autobiography of William Allen White. Macmillan. $3.75.

I GUESS the editor of the Emporia, Kansas *Gazette* is most known as a political figure, although his novels and short stories sold rather widely over the years. For a member of my generation the portions of his life story which strike home have to do with life, love and the more universal elements in human existence. He has caught the spirit of a Kansas boyhood—its exuberance, innocence and glowing idealism—in a way that evokes

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the hopes and dreams and activities of many an American country boy. I do not remember for sure just where he went to college but he writes of Vernon Kellogg, Frederick (later General) Funston and one or two other close friends of student days so vividly as to underline the poignant recollection that no friendships in later life can ever be so strong and intimate. And Mr. White was himself the embodiment of the American dream of running one's own country paper. For such elements alone—brief chapters as they are in a massive book—his life story is worth the purchase price.

There must be lots of Teddy Roosevelt's ardent followers still about. They would find much of Mr. White's political narrative equally thrilling. But the world has moved too far too fast for the turn of the century's hopes of "industrial and social justice," when reduced to practical terms, to sound anything but pallid now. Since I never came under the aura of TR's personal magnetism—and do not enjoy a thorough grasp of the exact nature of what powerful opposing forces were working to the public detriment—Mr. White's eloquently expressed devotion to the first and more blustery of the Roosevelts leaves me comparatively unmoved.

From the windows of the westward bound Santa Fe the plains of Kansas present a monotonous landscape all day long. Kansas politics—which culminated in nomination of the colorless Alf Landon—are no less dreary for an outsider. Yet Mr. White's accounts of a scene he so well knew go on for pages and pages. Even here are brief oases. Every so often the author will come up with an intensely personal and lively sketch of a Mark Hanna, a William McKinley, a William Jennings Bryan and—one by one—a spate of other national and state politicos.

What makes Mr. White's life story so readable, as I see it, is its intensely personal character. William Allen White does not scruple to go in for a certain moderate self-searching and self-blame at a number of his milestones. All his life he was extremely pudgy but there is little evidence that in this balanced view of his whole career he was puffed up with his own importance. There is an engaging simplicity in the satisfaction he derives from the nationwide renown attained by his "What's the Matter with Kansas?" and his tribute to his daughter, Mary, tragic victim of a riding accident at the age of seventeen. He appears to have no hesitation in his expressing his feelings—with perhaps certain charitable restraints—toward any man or any personal or political event. His warmly personal history is a significant bit of the history of an America now vanished.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

The Sikhs: A study in comparative religion. J. Archer. Princeton. $3.75.

THIS IS a praiseworthy and painstaking, but somewhat pedantic book. It is anthropological in approach; on each page one fears to meet that sign-word "sibling." It is written in what may be called a pleasantly professorial patter: "The other half? Well, they come of various and sometimes indefinite caste and tribal origins," or "while wishful devotees caught glimpses of the, to them, sacred writings."

There are today well over six million Sikhs, mostly living in India, and, for the major part, Jats or

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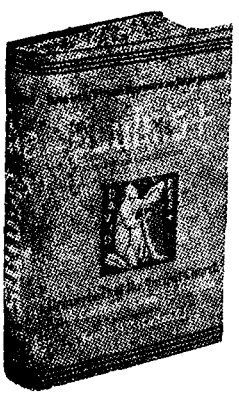

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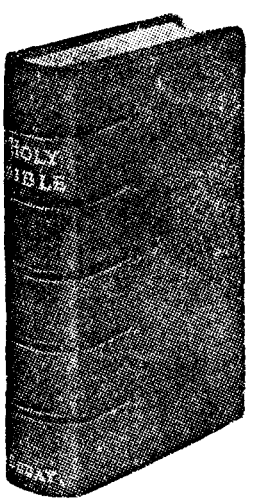

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Rajputs. Nanak Guru, their founder, in mid-seventeenth century laudably wished to compose the differences between Islam and Hinduism. He only succeeded in founding yet another faith, tolerated by the Hindus, despised by the Muslims. Sikhs are distinguished by the daggers they carry, and the beards, cords and turbans they wear. Mr. Archer assures us they build beautiful temples, less cluttered than the Hindu, less austere than the mosques. They have always been loyal mercenaries of the British. Mr. Archer has translated lyrically and well the Jaipuji, Nanak's own psalms, but one is left after reading this scholarly and sensible study with a faintly frustrated feeling. No doubt the same sort of feeling that some three hundred years hence, a historian of Hollywood will have when reading Christopher Isherwood's "Vedanta for the West" or a monograph on its editor.

"Getting and spending we lay waste our power," Mr. Wordsworth told us, that memorable morning he rose so early. And it is true of energy and goodwill no less than of money. Across the centuries the worthy Nanak is calling to his Far Western successors in oversimplification, shallow calling to shallow, for alas, to be men of goodwill is not enough, in spite of the angelic good wishes to all such. For One greater than all the angels came not to bring peace, but a sword.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

Guerrilla Padre in Mindanao. Edward Haggerty. Longmans. $2.75.

I FIRST heard of the author of this little book at Tacloban, on the island of Leyte. We had put in there after Okinawa, and the presence of the bishop at the fiesta for the town's patron offered an opportunity for some of our men to receive Confirmation. His Lordship, a small dark man to whom we had given a pair of shoes as an offering, had administered the sacrament to unnumbered brown children and a few score carrier sailors in a day of friendly confusion that would have pained the liturgist, but delighted the spectators. While awaiting the dances, games and parades that were to follow, the blue-jackets mingled with the crowd, playing with the children, eating barbecued pig and confirming my prejudice that they were the most valued ambassadors of good-will that could be sent abroad. While this fraternization was in progress, the clergy retired to the *convento*. In the group were two stalwart Dutchmen, an Irish Columban, a few Frenchmen, and several Filipinos, many of them still in guerrilla khaki. They had much to tell, for most of them had been in the hills or "in concentration." They were modest about their own adventures, but voluble when they spoke of the American Jesuit, Father Edward Haggerty, *the* guerrilla priest of Mindanao. I imbibed enough of their enthusiasm that afternoon to note, in a business letter to a Jesuit Provincial back in the States, that this story should be made available as one of the best of the war.

Well, here it is. Like the really good war stories, it could not be published until the drama's action had been played out and the curtain fallen. Now it suffers from our weariness of war adventures, and the inevitable sameness of these tales of heroism, hunger and death. But it is worth reading as a reminder of our debt to the Filipinos, who were never pacified by the conqueror, who grew him no food or mined him no needed metal, who tied up many of his divisions and constantly harassed his

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In this book, the first which Cardinal Spellman has issued since his investiture, the author has collected a number of his prayers and poems that, at the time of their magazine publication or public reading, attracted widespread attention. Only one of them has previously appeared in book form.

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troops, who supplied us with invaluable intelligence and rescued our downed airmen from the edge of his camps—and who did all this with a minimum of help because they had faith in the cause for which we fought. I would like to put this simple account on the desks of all Congressmen, who are now deciding a bill for economic help to the Commonwealth, and who are refusing adequate funds for the reconstruction of the devastated churches that were the soul of the resistance.

The book has vivid scenes: the soldiers of the firing squad on their knees as the Padre recites the prayers for the dying for a spy about to be executed. But I will remember it best for the summary of a sermon, often delivered to the oppressed Filipinos, and which might well be addressed at this moment to the world: "Most of us have lost our material possessions. Our homes have been burned, our furniture, our clothing lost. Our cities lie in ruins, our bridges blasted, our fields unplanted, our harbors ruined. But we have lost nothing that cannot be rebuilt. Material things can be restored. But the things of the spirit, if once lost, crush down a man and a nation so that they can never rise, even to rebuild burned homes, ruined cities and peaceful countries."

J. N. MOODY.

The Power and the Glory. Graham Greene. Viking. $2.50.

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Pursuit is with Graham Greene a recurrent device. It is a good one, keeping reader interest at a fever pitch. It is an ancient poetical device but Mr. Greene does not make it bear the major weight of his narrative. Suspense is rather an added fillip to an artistic whole which is most notable for both symbolism and substance, for drama and personalities which are alive. Finally, the economy of phrase so beautifully achieved in "The Confidential Agent" has a worthy parallel here. A phrase suffices where the ordinary writer takes a paragraph; and the impact of the "Power and the Glory" is several times that of the most expert historical triple-decker.

CONTRIBUTORS

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